Word Length:

Personalities In Cryptozoology - #1

The Sanderson Sagas: Part One -

A Brief Biography Of A Renissance Scientist

And Explorer In Tennis Shoes:

Ivan Terence Sanderson.

By

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"Old soldiers never die ... they just fade away."
- Retired General Douglas A. MacArthur West Point Academy farewell speech.

Introduction To Ivan T. Sanderson -

Since the decade of the 1990s, the world-wide internet has brought ~~to many~~ the topic of cryptozoology to countless millions of web browsers each day at several thousands of web sites. Most of the webs posted deal with current ~~incidents of~~ cryptids encounters and the serious - and no so serious - present day investigators who are actively looking into ~~this~~ the ~~matter.~~ ~~plot~~ fascinating field of cryptozoology.

Yet, among these web-sites there is a lack of credit of the historical significance and influence of one critical individual who nearly three-quarters of a century ago, brought forth to the general public the then begining topic of what we now recognized as cryptozoology -- Ivan Terence Sanderson.

Sanderson, who died an untimely death at the age of 62 of cancer, has been overlooked in the more than three decades since his passing ~~of his importance as~~

Once, he was one of the leading significance personalities at the start of the cryptozoological field. This present day neglect is mostly due to the lack of ~~the reprinting of~~ access to Sanderson's numerous published books ~~and the lack of~~ as well as the death libraries containing decades-old journals and magazines ~~of~~ that contain copies of Sanderson's articles. Ivan's articles for anyone to consult today.

~~And even less today are the rapidly declining~~ Few number of people ~~who~~ remember reading ~~of~~ Sanderson's numerous popular articles of the mysteries of the world when they first ~~came out that month~~ appeared on the newstands; ~~or of listening to him~~ fewer still can remember listening on the radio talk shows over the decades that he gave interviews; or of seeing him on the ~~newly~~ latest technological achievement, television; ~~and fewer still, of the people who personally actually met Ivan - even if it may be but just once in their lifetime - what were their personal memories of him?~~ black & white

Snipplets of ~~Ivan's~~ Sanderson's life have seen print by those few luckly to have known him intimately, the latest written by Mark A. Hall[1], who was at ~~Ivan's~~ Sanderson's deathbed when he passed away. Hall's ~~recent~~ account sheds new light on just how remarkable a life Sanderson had lived, that at times seems more like the works of fiction of Ian Fleming (author and creator of James Bond), but

was all true.

As yet, no author has ~~ever~~ attempted to produce a definitive biographical book of this most remarkable reniassence individual of many talents. Of whom one could ~~correctly say was~~ characterize as the last of the 19th century type explorer and naturalist, ~~scientist, who was~~ a holdover into the first half of the 20th century. relict as a

~~Briefly, to~~ For the uninformed reader, just who was Ivan Terence Sanderson? Born in Scotland on 30 January 1911, he became a full-time resident of the United States (but not a citizen) after World War II, ~~dieing~~ dying in New Jersey on 19 February 1973.[2]

During the last decade of his life ~~that~~ he became ~~more~~ widely known ~~via~~ because of his Abominable Snowman and Bigfoot articles in ~~such~~ which appeared contemporary ~~top-circulation~~ magazines such as as well as TRUE and ARGOSY, ~~and appearing~~ on radio and television ~~programs.~~ shows.

Sanderson appeared, and even hosted, the Barry Farber late-night radio talk show on radio channel WOR originating from New York City. There the late night listener was introduced to ~~Ivan's~~ Sanderson's strange and mysterious happenings of the world, all the while plugging his "Society For The Investigation Of The Unexplained"

(S.I.T.U.), he had founded in 1965 to ~~incite~~ stimulate further investigation into these topics.

Through Barry Farber's late night radio talk show, ~~gave to the~~ listeners heard many episodes of Ivan's fascinating exploits, ~~and adventures that he, along with his fellow adventurers, had endured during his previous research expeditions in the Depression thirties and during the world war years from numerous foreign world regions. Leaving one wanting and waiting~~ These exploits stimulated renewed excitement for more such stories from the background of this unique explorer and investigator. For what else were there about this fascinating person who had a wonderful sense of humor ~~and seriousness~~ coupled with a serious approach to on topics of the unexplained.

Regretfully, ~~Ivan~~ Sanderson did not keep a diary after 1944 and did not start to save his correspondence until the 1960s.[3] This has left a very large ~~blank of~~ gap about his ~~personal life~~ of several decades that is an impossible task for anyone to fill in; primarily due to the lack of readily published sources, ~~that one could consult.~~ However, But sometimes, by the most fortunate of circumstances fragments can still be found that fills help in these voids in a person's life. In March 1985, author Mangiacopra had the opportunity ~~of examining~~ to examine the 50 million

clippings from the defunt NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM-SUN morgue residing at the College of Journalism at the University of South Carolina at Columbia. ~~Existing~~ Among these clippings a file was ~~one~~ on Ivan Sanderson. ~~Though probably not containing all of the articles published by this newspaper that refered to Sanderson, this file nevertheless~~ about gave a fragmented perspective of some of incidents that occurred to ~~Ivan~~ Sanderson and his first wife Alam when they had resided in New York City. By chronologically reorganizing these clippings, one can view the many trival and amusing incidents of ~~decades past of his life that gives an aspect~~ something about the plan of Ivan Sanderson, the individual. His life. They also show

Arrival Of The Tennis Shoe Naturalist.

~~The year of~~ In 1937 ~~still saw~~ the United States ~~stalled~~ still ~~suffering from~~ lingered in the depths of the Depression, when a young 27 year-old Ivan Terence Sanderon returned from exploring Haiti's wilds to New York City, ~~on behalf of~~ Viking Press ~~who~~ had requested his presence as his first book, ANIMAL TREASURE, was being published. Though the ~~book~~ had not yet appeared on the market—it was coming out on September 10th—it was already selected ~~for this month's~~ as the September book-of-the-month club ~~selection. Though a member of the Zoological Society~~

Sanderson - Part 1

Mangiacopra/Smith

~~Its author,~~ It's author, Ivan

Sanderson was known as a scientist searching for strange and often legendary creatures throughout the jungles of the world. ~~Noted as~~ He was also a skilled artist who found time also to do murals for several of his favorite London night clubs where he displayed a real talent for tap dancing. Another learned talent was playing a variety of strange African instruments.[4]

On 15th September, Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Reynolds Sanderson introduced ~~him~~ to friends at the Cosmopolitan Club where he was most favorably received by ~~his~~ the American audience.[5] Welcoming him was Dr. Henry S. Canby who campared Ivan's experiences with Concord's Henry Thoreau. Whereas Thoreau had used an old-fashioned telescrope, Ivan penetrated the jungle with modern microscopes and measuring rods.

For a first-time author, Ivan was greeted by writers, editors and publishers, who had just came back from their vacations and were ~~a literal listings of those among the top of~~ the poors at the American ~~literature~~ litery scene of the 1930s: They included:

- Richard M. Brett, treasurer and general manager of the Macmillian Company;

- Harold Guinzburg, publisher of ANIMAL TREASURE;

- Max Schuster, publisher;
- Hendrik van Loon.

Among the other publishers present were:

- Alfred A. Knopf;
- Whitney Darrow;
- Frederick A. Stokes;
- William Chenery of COLLIERS magazine;
- Percy Waxman of COSMOPOLITAN magazine;
- Frederick L. Allen of HARPERS magazine;
- Donald Kennicott of RED BOOK magazine;
- George Carlin of United Features syndicate;
- Mary King of the CHICAGO TRIBUNE syndicate;
- Clifton Fadiman of NEW YORKER magazine.

Among those listed above, about thirty others were present that comprised of:

- Carl van Doren;
- Edward Anthony;
- George Stevens;
- Quincy Howe;
- Lee Keedick;
- Donand Adams;
- Amy Loveman;
- Robert van Gelder.[6]

- who are these people? - we should we include them if they did not do anything

~~Of the last name stated~~ van Gelder was the NEW YORK TIMES book reviewer who the previous day before the Cosmopolitan Club luncheon, gave an enthusiastic review ~~of~~ ~~Howards~~ ANIMAL TREASURE:

> "The book is definitely meant for the general reader, though there is almost no 'writing down' in it, nor are the more usual strains and stresses of popularization to be easily detected. It is, first of all, good talk, about the inhabitants of a little-known world. And I know of no book that brings the African jungles nearer to the armchair."[7]

Immediately following ~~after the Wilkins press~~ the public event, ~~publicity,~~ Sanderson returned ~~Sanderson's plans were to return~~ to Haiti when he continued ~~to continue his~~ collecting ~~for animals~~ mammals, birds and insects. Though describing himself as a "bug hunter", he ~~oddly~~ had a great fear and respect for the arachnida; especially ~~feared~~ spiders and ~~regarded~~ scorpions (the last with great respect because one bit me."

Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars of the Bronx Zoo, ~~was the receiver of~~ received some of ~~the captures of the Haiti~~ Sanderson specimens. This also expedition ~~of~~ five foot dragons known as the rhinoceros

iguanas. These iguanas were given to ~~Ivan~~ Sanderson because "everyone on the British Isles thinks well of him." ~~Ivan's in the field investigation did not limit itself to the matter of only~~ Sanderson's field investigations were not limited zoology, as upon his arrival in London, he received an inquiry from the Cuban Embassy asking if he had learned anything on his trip about the origin of the word "rhumba" which the Cubans did not know despite this dance for which their country was ~~noted~~ famous for. ~~Ivan was helpful in their quest~~ He ever helped Sanderson responded as:[8]

"I was able to assist them because one day in Africa I ran into a tribe that did a dance identical with the rhumba.

It was just by accident. When we arrived at the headquarters of the chief of the Akuna-kuna tribe, we asked him if he had any good dances he could put on that evening.

He summoned the tribe out and they went through a performance that in the Akuna-kuna language they called the 'eh-rhumba'.

Sure enough, the motions were

exactly those of a rhumba."

World War II was two months old when ~~his~~ Sanderson's second book, CARRIBBEAN TREASURE, was published. ~~An~~ a NEW YORK TIMES book reviewer R. L. Duffs noted, that he "cannot guarantee its scientific observations, but he does feel certain that Mr. SANDERSON writes of what he saw, not only interesting, but truthfully."

Duffs ended his book review with ~~the~~ three telling comments:[9]

> "One of the secrets of the book's undeniable charm is its author's delight in what he is seeing and doing. Even the stinging sandflies which make night unbearable off the Surinam coast do not leave him with vengeful memories. He has a rich vein of humor, an appreciation of beauty, an occasional warm burst of sentiment. He hated to go home. His drawings are admirably explicit and artistically pleasing. He does not present a photograph of himself or any member of his party - perhaps an excess of good taste, but still good taste."[9]

A year passed while World War II commenced, for

during the month of August 1940, a news report informed that Ivan's zoological collection of mammals, reptiles, and various invertebrates from Belize, British Honduras, was unable to be shipped to the British Museum in London. By chance, this problem was resolved ~~by chance~~ when ~~some field~~ museum curators from ~~of~~ the Museum of Natural History of Chicago happened along on their expedition to the Caribbean. Learning of his difficulties, they notified their museum director, Clifford C. Gregg in Chicago. The museum promptly offered its hospitality and the first of a large installment of Sanderson's collection of Central American fauna arrived in that city on the 19th of this month.[10] By the end of January 1941, this collection was still being received ~~there~~ and was to be held until the war's end. ~~While~~ I~~van~~ ~~as of this date~~ was last heard of from somewhere in the Central American jungles. His fourth book, LIVING TREASURE, was to be published that March by Viking Press.[11]

A year after the cessation of World War II hostilities in September 1946, Sanderson ~~Ivan~~ was employed by the British Information Service in New York City. This same month saw publication of his ANIMAL TALES, ~~of which he served as editor of~~ a collection of 31 fact and

fiction stories about the animals of the world. Harry Hansen, book reviewer for the NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, ~~gave~~ praised ~~towards~~ Sanderson's ~~Ivan's latest writing accomplishments~~ writing: [12]

"In view of this exemplary behavior I propose a medal for anthologists, the first one to go to Ivan T. Sanderson, and ask that every scissors-and-past man be compelled in the future to read ANIMAL TALES before he fattens on the works of others."

~~Though~~ Sanderson's reputation as a naturalist ~~in the United States~~ was already well established through his previous writings, He fame was to reach an even larger audience with the introduction of the post-war technological achievement - television - to the general public.

Originating from New York City on Tuesday evening of 28th September 1948, Sanderson ~~Ivan~~ was one of two guest naturalists on the second live televise of the Mary Margaret McBride 50 minute talk show program ~~who~~ presented his television host with ~~his~~ a tap-dancing, hamburger eating praying mantis and a 35 year old turtle. The other guest was author Edwin Way Teale, who

Sanderson began by presenting

was not an especially talkative guest compared to the more colorful career of the around-the-world exploits of Ivan. Among the midst of humans was Ivan's animal wildlife that included a guiena pig; a small monkey named Skippy; and a toucan - a brightly plumed bird that kept giving the Bronox cheers at odd intervals![13]

A month later both Ivan and his wife Alma, were making New York's around town gossip column of October 22nd. Strolling in Leone's restaurant, Ivan's wife had a live marmoset on her shoulder, she was topped by Ivan himself - feeding a praying mantis in a glass jar![14]

Ray Trullinger, the Hooks and Bullets column writer for the NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, related in his 23rd February 1950 column of the concern of Ivan Sanderson's whereabouts --- and his cargo of blood-drinking vampire bats! Both were to be placed on exhibit at the National Sportsmen's Show being held at Grand Central Palace on behalf of the members of the Metropolitan Grotto of the National Speleologica Society. Apparently Sanderson and the bats were somewhere between Mexico and New York, being late in transit via American Airlines. As both the vampire bats

and wet-nurse Ivan were to be fed blood at four-hour intervals -- though noted Ivan himself favored a medium rare steak![15]

An April 1951 interview of Ivan for a Sunday article on cave exploring, as he was president of the Metro Grotto explorers of New York City. Stressing his position on this adventurous hobby,[16] is as follows: [16]

"Caving is a safe hobby provided expeditions into caves are properly conducted.

The occasional persons killed in highly publicized accidents were not members of our society. They were neither properly equipped nor trained to go cave exploring. Had they been so, the accidents would have been avoided."

Yet he could not resist slipping in a cryptid comment upon the mysteries of cave exploring:

"Speleology is our last frontier of exploration. It's a thrilling sport, and absorbing hobby and a limitless field for scientific research. It intrigues scientists for, although the world is full of cave,

only 10 percent of them have been investigated. Opportunities for original research are boundless. Our society has catalogued to date some 5000 caves."

As an animal importer, Sanderson had ~~an~~ many exciting ~~interesting~~ experiences with his wards, such as taking an 40 pound South American Peruvian Condor for an X-ray at the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals in New York. The condor arrived several days prior to 20 August 1952 in New York, but apparently one leg had been broken and knitted improperly and could only limp on the ground.

~~When~~ Dr. Louis C. Schimoler ~~in charge of the project to treat the condor~~ asked Sanderson, ask Ivan, "First thing I want to know is this: Do these things eat human flesh?"

To which Ivan honestly replied, "Yes, they do."

In response to Ivan's blunt answer, Dr. Schimoler donned very heavy pair of leather gloves and sent ~~out~~ for ~~help for~~ four men to hold the bird down.[17]

Sanderson ~~Many other~~ exhibited many unusual animals ~~in Ivan's possession was exhibited~~ at the 1954 National Sportsmen's show on 23 February at New York City. The smallest ~~of Ivan's~~

~~Chrysos~~ was a female pigmy marmoset from the Napo River Valley in Peru named Spirite. ~~It's total weight was only~~ It weighed a more 2½ ounces and had already given birth to two sets of twins. Sanderson included two rare animals among ~~Among~~ the National Sportsmen's exhibit ~~were two~~ rare animals from his collection: the acouchis from Surinam and the bassaricyon from Coast Rica. ~~As to how~~ how he acquired them:[18] Sanderson described

> "I spent about $15,000 of my own and other peoples' money trying to catch those two animals, and then I got a pair of acouchis from a native animal collector in Surinam, and then found the bassaricyon in, of all places, a small animal zoo near Boston. The people there though it was a kinkajou."

Sterling North, the NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM-SUN book reviewer, praised Sanderon in December 1955 for his latest book, LIVING MAMMALS OF THE WORLD. Citing Ivan as "certainly one of the world's greatest zoologist.[19, 20]

Yet, this same Sterling North a month later in January 1956, gave an extremely harsh criticism ~~towards~~s

about Sanderson's

his next book, FOLLOW THE WHALE. ~~North~~ Although favorable

to ~~Ivan's telling of the history of~~ Sanderson's story about whaling from ancient

times to the present, he bluntly wrote:[21]

> "It is unfortunate that Mr. Sanderson, who is a serious naturalist, should feel it necessary occasionally to popularize his prose to the radio and lecture-platform level. And it would seem to this reviewer that his attempts to achieve the viewpoints of several ancient and remote cultures are sometimes more sensational than convincing. But these are but infinitesimal flaws in the best book on whales I have ever seen in print."

Columnist Harriet Van Horn's column for 23 July 1959 noted briefly that accidents on television sets do happen - though not frequently enough to suit press agents! ~~One accident involved~~ Ivan Sanderson - who accidently let loose a colony of 5,000 bees escape in a television studio![22]

The television "bee" clipping was the latest morgue clipping in the New York World-Telegram-Sun archives. Whether there were additional newspaper

articles pertaining to Sanderson after this date is unknown and can only be determine if someone (if ever!) will scan the microfilm of this newspaper at the New York City libraries.

At best, this small biographical article can only give a superficial coverage of a few trivial events in Ivan Sanderson's most fascinating life - adding a little bit more to what we know - or could wish to know of him. For it is without a doubt that Ivan Sanderson was a most unique individual and perhaps one of the most interesting - and neglected - naturalists ~~who had lived in~~ of the middle of the 20th century. Unfortunately, Sanderson's accomplishments are now mostly ~~rapidly becoming~~ forgotten, ~~to~~ even to ~~present day~~ individuals whose interests are those of the study of the newly rising field of cryptozoology.

It is hoped that this article ~~had rescue from the bottomless pit of forgottenness~~ many revive these trivial and minor aspects of the life and times of Ivan T. Sanderson, and may interests others to delve into his life.

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Word Length:

Rescued From The Past #4 -

The Sanderson Sagas - Part 3:

Making Money As A Writer;

Ivan And PARADE,

The National Sunday Newspaper Magazine.'

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The decades following World War II, when Sanderson took up full time residence in the United States, were the years of his being a most prolific writer for the newstand magazines and newspapers, articles. Especially the latter as many of Sanderson's newspaper articles have been neglected since they were first published more than six decades ago.

Two of Sanderson's "lost" articles were published in the nation-wide Sunday suppliment newspaper magazine, PARADE, which had a readership of literally nearly 10 million readers. Sanderson's articles were intended written in a style for the general public on the strange ways of animals, were minor written articles on Sanderson behalf. But are still important These articles illustrate the range of on the topics he was interested in during his career. They are being reprinted here for the first time since 1951.

Sanderson's first PARADE article was titled How Do They Get There?[1], This article described and dealth with the way animals have a habit of turning up in strange places (what today we would call O.O.P.A.* - out-of-place animals):

"Of all the animal stories I have collected, few have pleased me more than

those about animals turning up in wrong places.

In New York City, last month, groundkeepers shot a fox in Yankee Stadium. The little fellow apparently came to the Stadium from Pennsylvania on a truck bringing a new field tarpaulin.

Even whales have a habit of taking a left turn when they should have gone right. There was the whale that swam up a creek in New York City and blocked a drawbridge, delaying commuter trains on the Long Island Railroad.

And take the albino frog plucked from a Manhattan gutter one winter night. Yes, little boys sometimes carry frogs in the pockets. But even in New York, little boys are seldom on the streets at midnight. The mystery of the country in the big city was never cleared up.

Strange Prize

THE classic case - to zoologists - involved an Australian Flying Phalanger or Opossum. The first specimen ever

recorded was caught alive, not in Australia, but 12,000 miles away on a central London rooftop. How come? Don't ask me.

Perhaps a sailor brought it home, not realizing he had found a scientist's prize.

Not even sailors, though, carry five-foot alligators as pets. Yet one was caught on the banks of the Red River in Wisconsin in the chilling cold of February 1892! And a guest in a smart Manhattan hotel once was startled to find a two-foot alligator in his room. The baffled management sent up the house detective, who arrived with a loaded pistol. The 'gator was trapped in a waster basket, however.

If you wonder how such things can happen, consider that vast numbers of odd animals are imported into this country by zoos and private citizens. I used to watch a banker work out with a kangaroo on a roof each morning. And

there was a man nearby who bred red-crested macaws from the jungles of South America in his apartment!

Some of the oddest discoveries have been made in lakes.

About the turn of the century squids were reported swimming in Lake Onondaga, in Western New York. Several were caught and sent to a museum for study.

Now squids are torpedo-shaped animals related to octopuses and normally live in the ocean. The experts were puzzled: how could they travel 400 miles from the Atlantic seacoast?

Frogs from the Sky?

TWO explanations were offered. One, which seems plausible, was that they had been carried from the coast for bait.

The other, more exciting, was put forward by some local anglers. They speculated that there might be a stratum of salt water beneath the surface, a sort of pocket of some ancient sea cut off by land and capped by stream

water of less density.

Tales of seals being sighted in lakes are not unusual. And some of them are perfectly plausible. It is possible for a seal to make his way up a river. But what can we say when there is no river?

There must be an explanation to all these odd appearances. But sometimes it's hard to find.

Unless animals do sometimes "rain out of the sky," as so often reported, how could four city blocks of North London be littered with full-grown frogs after a thunder shower in early spring?"

Sanderson's next PARADE article on the mysteries of animals was published this same year in the month of August and titled, Tougher Than Lions:[2]

"I WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT the other day. Across my lawn streaked a powerful collie, tail between his legs.

After him, tiny but mighty in her attack, came his pursuer: that mildest of animals, a groundhog!

Finally the collie stopped, turned and barked - from a safe distance. The groundhog, clearly the winner, stopped like a tough kid chasing a sissy, stood in frozen hate for a minute, then turned and trotted back to her cornfield.

* Two days later it happened again. This time the groundhog sent a dachshund scurrying from her field at full speed.

* I love dogs, and I know farmers hate groundhogs, but I wanted to tip my hat to the tough little gal who lives in the corn.

* With me, it's an old feeling. Time and again I've been impressed by one fact: <u>there's so much dynamite and courage in small things!</u>

By comparison with a hummingbird, a lion is an old softie.

Deep in Nicaragua's jungles one day, I was ferociously attacked by one of nature's tiniest heroes: an angry hummingbird.

Don't laugh. The hummingbird - a tiny emerald-green bunch of feathers - was small enough to fit through a wedding ring. In a small sapling, she had a nest of babies, and I had been clearing a trail. Not knowing about the nest, I had been about to chop down her tree!

* It is luckly for me that I have a long nose and wear glasses when peering at natural curiosities in the jungle. Because the tiny creature suddenly helicoptered into the air, turned abruptly to 12 o'clock and literally <u>fired</u> herself at me.

* All I remember was a smack of feathers and finding myself on the ground.

* When I scrambled to my feet there was a gash along the side of my nose and blood on my glasses.

The hummingbird was settling herself back on her nest and adjusting her wings with little flips, as if to say:

<u>"Stay away from this tree - YOU!"</u>

The Boy Screamed

ON ANOTHER OCCASION I heard of an Indian boy whose mother brought him to a doctor. His eyeball had been punctured, but the doc could not find out from the boy what caused the injury.

The boy had come screaming from the jungle, holding a hand over his eye.

It took the doctor three days to find the culprit. The child, he decided, had found a hummingbird's nest, and had been attacked by the mother.

He had suffered the fate I escaped.

Many of us think that animals like the tiger and leopard pick fights.

That's wrong. But it <u>does</u> seem that smaller animals are pugnacious - and the smaller the animal, the more pugnacious he is apt to be.

The Shrew Is Vicious

TAKE THE SHREW AS AN EXAMPLE.

Shrews have long, pointed jaws armed with rows of razor-sharp teeth which can rip and tear the toughest gristle. I have

seen two of them fight each other all day - until one lay dead.

* Weasels are utterly wanton killers and have been known to slaughter 50 chickens in a night and eat only one of them.

* A gamekeeper I known once found a tiny weasel in a trap, nursed it to health and tried to keep it as a pet.

* It attacked his big dog, which fled. It molested his tomcat which, however, merely cuffed it.

Finally it deliberately invaded a cage containing one of its larger relatives, a ferret. Ferrets are noted for fighting ability, but the weasel attacked the ferret and killed it.

Next to the shrew and weasel in toughness is the mink. You can tame a mink, but they are fierce fighters and have been known to attack their keepers with utmost fury. Their strength and stamina is unbelievable for their size.

One of the great surprises in nature

is the viciousness of those tiny, "gentle" animals, the marmosets.

They Look Gentle, But ...

I HAVE SEEN these friendly little monkeys fly at each other or gang up on a new arrival and deliberately break each other's arms.

* But few of us have seen tiny chameleons fight.

* These cute little lizards will fight each other for hours, joining battle by seizing each other's jaws, hissing, fighting, swaying. The sight is terrifying.

* Little creatures are, in fact, much more terrible than great ones. You don't always have to get down to their level to appreciate this!

~~The third and last~~ A third PARADE article on animal mysteries was published a year later in November 1952.[3] ~~but~~ It was not authored by Sanderson, ~~Though his comments were~~ but did include some briefly quoted on the primate species of the gibbons:

"WANT SOMETHING to help set the table,

had you cigarettes, light matches and open bottles?

According to naturalist Ivan T. Sanderson, the pint sized gibbon above can do all of these and more. Known in Malaya, Java and Sumatra as Wow-wows, they are prized as pets by the natives, who considered them half-human in intelligence."

Sanderson did not ~~have any additional~~ publish any more articles in PARADE ~~articles ever published~~ after this date. Still, these articles ~~But~~ they are significant ~~that these were the first~~ because they are the earliest known articles ~~of his starting to drift~~ that illustrate his interest in the field of the unexplain~~ that he would expound much further a decade later.~~ investigate a subject that he would become much more interested in 10 years later.

-[END]-

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Half-Human?, Hartford (Connecticut) Courant, PARADE magazine, 2 November 1952, page 20, column 4.

The Sanderson Saga

Word Length:

The Sanderson Sagas: Part 4 - Reminisces Of Ivan.

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"A man never dies, if his friends remember him."
- Ancient Greek saying.

One of the conflicts when pursuiting the background of the personality of a person who has died decades prior is: What was this person actually like on a one-to-one basis with someone else?

Was he friendly -- or standoffish?

Wise -- or foolish?

One could speak their mind to -- or learn to hold one words within?

These, and other questions that arises, sometimes can be answered by those who personally knew them and published on a journal's printed pages their comments about them.

Such written accounts have saved much information from being lost forever. But better are those still-living persons, who had a one-to-one contact with a specific individual who can give a more detail account of their meetings. These still-living persons do not realized the importance of their memories, even if it was just a once-in-a-lifetime encounter.

With each passing year, less and less still-living

individuals survive who knew of such a specific person. In this instance, Ivan T. Sanderson, who had died three decades ago. As there is no present attempt being made to rescue these reminisces of Sanderson.

It was, by the most fortunate of circumstances, that several individuals had personally met Sanderson and generously allowed their decades-old encounters to be published for the first time in print. Their personal recollections of Ivan is owed the gratitude of today's cryptozoologists for their neglected historical importance.

How I Lost A Once-In-A-Lifetime Opportunity To Meet Ivan Sanderson.

By

Ronald Rosenblatt

RON ROSENBLATT, age 57, is a native New Yorker. He holds degrees from the University of Michigan and the University of Wisconsin, where he had the "adventure" described in the following article. Over the years, he

has belonged to many Fortean organizations, and is a prolific writer having published material in such diverse publications as FATE, PURSUIT, STRANGE, FORTEAN TIMES, THE GATE, etc. Between 1986 and 1996, he attended many I.N.F.O. "Fort Fest" in the Washington, D.C. - northern Virginia area, and the May 16, 1992 Brown University International Cryptozoological Society Conference.

In addition to his Fortean interests, Rosenblatt has worked as a scientific assistant and tour guide at several museums of natural history, as a para-legal in New York City courts, and as an editor in book-publishing. A serious "birder", he has visited some 44 different parks and wildlife refuges from Wisconsin to Puerto Rico.

Rosenblatt's favorite non-Fortean authors are Sir A.C. Doyle, Sax Rohmer, T.E. Lawrence, Colonel P. H. Fawcett, Colonel Jim Corbett, and horror writer, Howard P. Lovecraft. He also collects "old" video-tapes and L.P. records.

It was while he was an graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, that he missed the opportunity of getting involved with Ivan Sanderson's investigation of a Bigfoot sighting then occuring in this state.(See

Sanderson's article: Wisconsin's "Abominable Snowman" Argosy, April 1969).

"He who hesitates, lost!"
- Anonymous.

In the winter of 1969, I was a graduate student in English Literature at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Although I was looking forward to a career as a Professor of English, I had been interested in cryptozoology and Forteana for a while, gradually becoming more interested as time passed.

I had been reading Bernard Heuvelmans' cryptoozological classic, ON THE TRACK OF UNKNOWN ANIMALS, and his IN THE WAKE OF THE SEA-SERPENTS. I had the wits scared out of me by John Keel's THE MOTHMAN PROPHECIES, one of the few genuinely scary books I had read, and I had also read some of Ivan Sanderson's early books, such as CARRIBBEAN TREASURE, and ANIMAL TREASURE, and the collection of his FATE articles in THINGS and MORE THINGS.

I knew Ivan Sanderson was an unusual and interesting man because I could remember seeing him on

the old Garry Moore CBS station television show when I was a boy. Sanderson was a very impressive man, tall and British, who would appear on the Moore television show with some anaconda or giant South American ant-eater, and would talk about the animal. I can even remember his having a huge sea-turtle in a tub of water.

So, in 1969, I had some awareness of Ivan Sanderson and his books and television appearances. Anyone who has spent time in Wisconsin in the winter the winter knows how incredibly cold and icy it can be. So I was happy to duck into "Ella's Deli" on State Street to get some dinner on one of those freezing Mid-Western nights.

I had just sat down at a table in "Ella's," when I noticed a man come in and sit down at a table across from me. He was sit down at a table across from me. He was tall and elegant looking, and I particularly noticed his goatee, which gave him a diabolical look. He certainly didn't look at home in Wisconsin, and I remember thinking that he must be a New Yorker, and that was his reason for coming into a "Deli."

The man ordered a sandwich. Since he was directly across from me, I had a good chance to look at him. The

more I looked, the more I felt he was out of place in Wisconsin, even in a "college town" like Madison. I began to feel that this man looked familiar to me, that I had seen him before. Suddenly, the realization came to me that this man was Ivan T. Sanderson. The belief came to me so strongly that I was tempted to go over to him to tell him how much I enjoyed his books, and how interested I was in cryptozoology.

At the same time, I was not <u>completely</u> sure that the man I was looking at was Sanderson. I hesitated to speak to him, because I might just be embarassing myself by taking him for Sanderson, who was looking around the "deli" in a kind of sardonic way that further convinced me that the man I was looking at was from New York City.

In any event, I never did speak to the man. He finished eating and left, going back into the cold. I knew there was something unusual about the man, but was not sure what it was.

Several days later, I was at home in New York City for the winter vacation. One evening, I was watching the Johnny Carson show(*) on television. Carson announced

(*Christmas Night show, ARGOSY, September 1969, p. 12.)

that Ivan Sanderson was going to appear to talk about alleged "Big Foot" tracks seen in Wisconsin. Sure enough, when Sanderson appeared to talk about the Deltoz Monster footprints, I realized that the man in "Ella's Delia," had been Ivan T. Sanderson, and that I had missed a fanastic opportunity to talk to him, especially as I suspected he was probably lonely in that dark and cold Mid-Western night, and would have like talking to one of his "fans".

As the years went by, and my interests moved away from English Literature and towards Forteana and cryptozoology, I realized even more keenly what an opportunity I had missed! Just to be able to say that I had conversed with Sanderson would have meant a great deal with my fellow Forteans.

A long time later, I learned that Sanderson's reason for being in the Mid-West had more to do with his and Heuvelmans' trip to Minnesota to see the "Ice Man"(*) that was allegedly the frozen corpse of a sub-hominoid creature that had been shown around at fairs and shopping malls as an authentic "Big Foot." Perhaps Sanderson talked about the footprints in Delton Marsh

(*ARGOSY May 1969 and SAGA July 1970.)

as a way of avoiding talking about the "Ice Man," a subject that both Sanderson and Heuvelmans wanted to keep "under warps" for the time being.

So my story is a negative one, about how I didn't get around to talking to one of the leading Forteans and cryptozoologists of our time. Still, as one who has spent as many years studying Ivan Sanderson's fascinating writings and wonderful experiences, I considered it a great privilege to have been at least close to him in "Ella's Delia."

I often attended the I.N.F.O. "Fort Fests" in Virginia and Maryland, where I had the opportunity to meet many prominent Forteans and talk with them. Somehow, my "random" encounters with Ivan Sanderson beats them all. After all, Charles Fort wrote there are no "concidences," only synchronicities!" What brought me and Ivan Sanderson together that freezing night?

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Dinner With Ivan

By

Dr. Joseph F. Gennaro, Jr.

DR. JOSEPH F. GENNARO, JR., age 7x, retired, and currently teaching at the University of Florida in Gainesville. A former board of directors of the now defunct, International Society of Cryptozoology from 1982-1987, his name is well known among cryptids researchers as one of the co-authors of the classic groundbreaking Natural History (March, 1971) article on the infamous alleged giant octopus carcass that was washed ashore off St. Augustine, Florida in 1896. However, in his pre-cryptozoological interest days, Dr. Gennaro had a chance meeting - and shared a dinner(!) - with Ivan Sanderson. His story of his chance meeting with Ivan of more than four decades prior is being told for the first time to anyone. (The following account is the compilation of three letters that he wrote to author Mangiacopra of what he recalls.)

"To break bread with someone, is to know them."
- Anonymous.

I met Sanderson quite by accident during my first period of employment at the University of Florida (1956-1964) when he came down here with Roy Pinney to do some research on a project he was interested in. At the time I was much more interested in Pinney who, during his career as a professional photographer, took some really wonderful pictures of snakes, which is what I was interested in at the time. But I found Sanderson very amusing and interesting to talk to and soon we hit it off quite well. I think, however, that this was the only time we met. Much later, when I was in New York, I met Roy again when I gave a lecture at the Bronox Zoo.[1]

I never did get to know Sanderson very well but, as you probably have learned, most people who earned their living by writing in this area live by their wits. It seemed to me that he was one of these. He had carefully cultivated his image and he certainly had a great imagination and a wonderful ability to express

it. When he visited Gainesville he and Pinney were looking for some kind of a rare alligator and they stopped by to say hello to another Englishman who was working in our department at that time (Ken Backhouse). I remember that they had some talk about the function of that large dome of fat on the head of the porpoise and then we went out to supper. In those days Gainesville, or rather Alachua County, was dry(*) so we had to buy our own bottle of wine elsewhere and eat in a restaurant where they permitted one to keep it under the table in a paper bag and pour it into the water glasses. It was a funny evening.

I did enjoy him that evening and I think you would have too, had you an opportunity to be with us.

Pinney and Sanderson were great friends. As a matter of fact I think that Sanderson frequently stayed with Pinney in Pinney's house, a rather nice brownstone in Manhattan when he had to be in the city rather than travel to New Jersey where, I think, he lived. Also they said something about Pinney being friendly with Ivan's

(*"Dry" is an American slang term in which it means that a county prohibits the selling of alcohol beverages within its boundaries.)

wife(*). Pinney was a rather well-known fashion photographer at the beginning of his career and because his wife at that time was very successful at getting babies to pose for his camera they began to do fashion photography of the children of the idle rich and they did very well at that. Pinney was always fascinated with snakes, however, and by doctoring his view camera to produce great depth of field he was able to take magnificent color images -- better than any I had seen that time.

Unfortunately, later he tried to put them all together in another book but because the color film at that time was really not very good they had all bleached out and were useless. I met Pinney from time to time in New York. He supported the New York Zoological Society and when I spoke there we talked a little but I never had anything to do with him beyond that. One of the places where I had my film processed was friendly with him and that was how I found out about his transparencies bleaching out.[2]

I took the opportunity to discuss his visit with Doris, my wife, and will help relate to you all that we

(*Ivan's first wife, Alma.)

can remember of the time. I'm not exactly sure when it was we met Sanderson but I do know that he was introduced to me by the English physician, Kenneth Backhouse, who was visiting our department (hoping for a permanent position, I think. Ken mentioned to me that someone he knew (an Englishman?)(*) was visiting Florida and would stop by Gainesville. The visit was for only one day and we spent that afternoon in the Anatomy Laboratory where Backhouse had a porpoise cadaver that he was dissecting. It seems that the porpoise has a large globe of fat on top of his head and this organ has no known function (at least at that time) and they spent a couple of hours, Sanderson and Backhaus, arguing about what its function could possibly be. I believe that Sanderson and Roy Pinney were staying in a local motel and we arranged to meet at what was then the best local restaurant for supper. At that time Alachua County (as well as Gainesville) was dry and no liquor could be bought or served here but we were able to take a bottle of red wine from our household stock with us when we met them downtown at the Primrose Grill on University Avenue across the street from the Florida

(*Ivan was born in Scotland.)

Theatre. I remember that the wine bottle had to be in a paper bag "so that no one could see what it was". At the restaurant they did serve us "extra water glasses" for the wine.

As I remember supper, the time passed very pleasantly although the food was certainly not spectacular being mostly typical Southern fried stuff. There was a good deal of discussion about what Sanderson and Pinney came to Florida for - either something to do with manatees or snakes - I forget which. If I mentioned my work with the snakes and the Giant Octopus it must have been at this time. I don't think we discussed it and any great length, although I may be mistaken, because at that time I did not regard it seriously myself. I don't think I had yet traveled to Washington to pick up the specimen I got from the Smithsonian, but I may be mistaken on that too.

I do know that they were planning on driving further south the next day and I seem to remember that they planned to visit one of the springs there. I Know I asked Roy about his photographic techniques and how he achieved such remarkable depth of field in his snake pictures. That was when he told me about his background

in fashion and baby photography and his hobby in snakes and other reptiles. As a matter of fact he mentioned that he had had someone drill a tiny hole in an aluminum plate to create a minuscule f-stop, about F64-128 or so according to his calculations, and in his plate camera this provided the depth he wanted. After supper we each went our way and that was the last I saw of Sanderson.[3]

-[END]-

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Remembering Ivan

By

Robert J. Durant

ROBERT J. DURANT, aqe 7x, was the former president of the Society For The Investigation Of The Unexplained, in the 1970s. Now ...

"A man never dies, as lonq as his friends
remember his name."
- Ancient Greek sayinq.

It must have been 1968 or 1969 when I first heard the voice of Ivan Sanderson. His accent was a perfect "BBC" upper-class English, but what cauqht the attention at once - and kept it - was Sanderson's totally riveting discourse. He was on the Barry Farber radio show, one of the AM powerhouses of the day. And he was talkinq about the Bermuda Triangle.

I had experience somethinq that to this day puzzles me, and wanted to let him know about it. While flyinq in

roughly the area of the Trianqle, I had observed, from an altitude of some 30,000 feet, a huqe mound of seeminqly boiling water emerge from the sea about 100 miles north of Puerto Rico. It rose, lookinq like a gigantic cauliflower, then slowly collapsed back. The diameter of the mound must have been at least one-quarter mile.(*)

So I wrote a letter to Sanderson with those details. To my surprise, he replied with a nice note. Soon we were exchanging more letters. Eventually, I was invited to the Columbia, New Jersey Farm. And thus began a wonderful friendship.

Unfortunately, it was to be a short friendship, because Ivan died in 1973. In fact, by the time I met him, Ivan was already ravaged by various medical problems. He had always had one "bad" eye, and now the remainina eye was deteriorating, so he had to use a maqnifying glass to read, slowly scanninq, and pausinq when it got too much. Before this problem set in, Ivan had been a voracious reader, and he mentioned that it was a real blow to suddenly lose his lifetime habit and joy of vast reading.

But that was just a statement of fact, rather than a

(*PURSUIT, 197X-check issue).

complaint. As I got closer to him, I learned that in those final years, sickness and an encroachinq blindness were not the sum of his troubles. He was nearly broke, sustained by a few royalty checks that sporadically appeared in the mailbox. And many friends of lonq-standinq, meaning the crowd that clung around him when he made enouqh money to pay the restaurant and bar bills, and who benefited from his publishinq and show business contacts, had stopped callinq. I did not learn this from Ivan, but from others. So I could go on at length about the miserable condition in which Ivan's final years developed. But having stated the facts in outline, I will go on to the more important point. That is, he never really complained. This amazed me, and it is one of my enduring memories of Ivan Sanderson. The man had "character" to a truely exceptional degree.

Ivan was a non-stop talker. But not a bore. Never. This was another exceptional trait. He talked and talked, but the ranqe of topics was huqe, and always what he had to say fascinated. And if you want to know how the talking was organized, look at his writinq. It was the same flowinq, sometimes almost poetic discourse.

His wife Alma died during this period. She was a black woman, a native of Africa, but educated in France, and so accomplished that she did translations of French publications into English. Incredibly, they had performed a night club act internationally for many years. They were dancers, doinq Latin steps that were still very new. Apparently this was quite a sensation. Ivan said they qave it up because of the riqors of constant travel. Sorry, I said "incredibly." With Ivan, just about everythinq seemed incredible, ridiculous or impossible, but eventually I was able to document nearly every claim he made about his truely amazinq life.

He told me that once he was watchinq a motion picture of a rhinoceros attackinq and killinq a man. Than he qrasped that it was a movie taken of the last moments of the life of - his own father! He knew his father had been killed by a rhinoceros, but had no idea the event had been filmed.(*)

(*This dredqe up 32+ year old memories of Manqiacopra, that as an underqraduate and workinq nights, he would catch Ivan on the Barry Farber late night talk show, Monday-Friday 11 P.M.-2 A.M.; with the 3-hour radio proqram immediately repeated again from 2-5

And he was a highly skilled cook, specializing in the food of Southeast Asia. The kitchen was lined with scores of oddly shaped glass bottles, each containing a different spice or vegetable, nearly all of them originating in Thailand, Vietnam or Burma. He told me once that even though he was an experienced naturalist, and had subsisted in the wild for long periods, one thing he would not take a chance on was mushrooms. Apparently (*continued - A.M. On one radio discussion, Ivan mentions a strange concidence that happened to him. He was doing something in the entertainment field (television show? - cannot recall for certain from memory) and that he and someone else with him were in some film storage area and needed to view some wildlife film; so they grab the first film can reel at hand and viewed it. It turns out that this wildlife film was from Africa and - by sheer chance - shows Ivan's father being attacked and killed by a rhinoceros! Ivan's comment was that the S.O.B. who was filming his father getting killed, simply kept filming what was happening! And not making any effort to help his father! I believed he called that cameraman a sheer "bastard". Ivan's voice on the radio betrayed that years later, he was still mad-as-hell after seeing that film!)

he had made a serious mistake once, and was not about to repeat it.

He like to drink. At the time, I was a pilot with Pan Am, and had a regular run from New York to Ireland, where I would routinely buy one or two bottles of whiskey. This was a double-malt called Cardhu, then quite cheap, but now a very expansive brand. To me, the stuff tastes like kerosene, but Ivan pronounced it wonderful, and eagerly awaited my next shipment. That was all I could do for the man, and gladly did it, knowing that he genuinely appreciated the occasional bottle.

It seemed Ivan was always hosting someone at the farm. Some were local farmers who stopped by to chat about entirely mundane things. Others were more exotic. A man with an eye-patch and a strong resemblance to Ernest Hemingway was there often. He was retired from Time Magazine, which he ran for many years, and lived nearby on a luxurious spread, but liked to hang out with Ivan. There there was the big-game hunter from Africa, straight out of Hollywood's Central Casting, but there to plan strategy for tracking Yetis. And the British aristocrat who lived in a chateau in France, but had taken a week and a transatlantic flight to pick Ivan's

brain about a similar cryptozoological venture. Everyone was treated equally, and Ivan went to pains to insure that the visitors, regardless of their eminence, met everyone else on even terms.

There was a time when Ivan made a lot of money. His books sold well, and he was a fixture on early television. It was then that, with money in his pocket, he drove from New York City, with nothing other than sightseeing in mind, and found a small farm for sale in the nearly uninhabited western edge of New Jersey. On impulse, he bought it outright. That was a luckly thing, because it was to be his home, headquarters for the Society, and his refuge.

Ivan had his faults. Upon his death, it seems that no less than three individuals produced documents in which Ivan had bequeathed to them the farm! This took considerable sorting out.

Once long ago I was musing about Ivan, and the idea popped into my mind that the best way to describe him in comparison to the rest of mankind is as follows. Ivan was like a color photograph, everyone else black and white. What a man!

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